

O A T E S

Thrash'd in the C O M P T E R,
And Sack'd-up in N E W G A T E.

To the Tune of, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades, &c.*



I.
Hail to the *Prince of the Plot*,
All hail to the *Knight of the Post*;
Poor Titus ! 'tis now thy Lot
To pay for all the Rost :
From Wine and fix Dishes a day
Is sure a deplorable Fate,
To fall to the Basket, and pray
For an Alms through an *Iron-grate*.

II.
Titus who once was a Prince,
Now *Titus* a Captive in Gaol ;
Titus who lov'd a Wench,
Or any thing wore a Tail ;
Titus who made a full pass
At a following *Bum* in the Room,
Is clapt up himself by th'A---,
And cannot reverse his Doom.

III.
Did *Titus* swear true for the *King*,
And is the good *Doctor* forsworn ?
Did *Titus* our Freedom bring,
And *Otes* in *Newgate* mourn ?
Was *Titus* the *Light* of the Town,
The *Saviour* and *Guardian* proclaim'd,
And now the poor *Doctor* thrown
To a *Dungeon*, in *Darkness* damn'd ?

IV.
But now, to declare the cause,
I'll tell you as brief as I can,
The *Doctor* can't in the close
Prove *Titus* an honest Man:
Can *Titus* be just to the *King*,
From *Treason* and *Treachery* free,
When the *Doctor* hangs in a String,
For *Plotting* and *Perjury* ?

V.
For Damage the *Doctor* has done,
Poor Titus is got in the Pound,
'Till the *Doctor* produce the Sum,
Full *Thirty thousand pound* :
If you knew on what damnable score
Such perilous words he brought forth,
You'd say his false TONGUE cost more
Than ever his Head was worth.

VI.
The *Doctor* an Evidence
Against our Great DUKE did come in ;
Nay, such was his Insolence,
To impeach our Gracious QUEEN :
For which such *Indictments* are brought,
Such *Actions of Scandal* crowd in,
That *Titus* could wish, 'tis thought,
He were out of the *Doctor's* Skin.

VII.
Nay, further, while *Titus* swore
For the Safety and Life of the KING,
The *Doctor* began to roar,
And belch'd out his poyson'd Sting :
The *Doctor* for *Titus* may stretch,
H'has so brought his bus'ness about,
Without the kind help of *Ketch*
It's fear'd he will scarce get out:

VIII.
Through sixteen close Key-holes, 'tis plain,
Invisible *Titus* did pass,
And the *Doctor* got back again,
To catch a great *Don* at *Mass* :
But now they are both in the Trap,
'Tis a Wager but *Jack* in the Fields ;
Tho' *Titus* may chance to 'scape,
Has the *Doctor* fast by the heels.